Vol. III. Numb. 4.

# THE OBSERVATOR.

*A Story of* Jeſſamy Tom. *Of the Paunch-Bellied Juſtice. Of a High-Flying Pewterer. A Sea Run-away Story ſent by way of Letter.*

From Saturday April the 1ſt, to Wednesday April the 5th, 1704.

*Country-m.* MAſter *Obſervator*, I don't much care to talk any more of the *Fools* and *Knaves*; but I have pick'd up this Journey, a new ſort of *Knave* or *Fool*; he's a *Knave* of the Poſt, or a *Fool* of the Poſt, or ſomething I'm ſure.

*Obſ.* Prithee what ſort of Fellow is he?

*Country-m.* Why, Sir, this Fellow, to ſave the Charge of the *Penny-Poſt*, gave a *Dear Joy* indeed, one *Mac-O-Bonniclabbero*, a Shilling to carry a Challenge to a Worthy and Honeſt Gentleman of I don t know how many Thouſand Pound a Year: *Teague* comes to the Gentlemans Lodgings, and was admitted into his Apartment, where he ſhow'd the Gentleman a Paper, and demanded him to ſet his Hand thereunto, or elſe he muſt give Satisfaction to the Perſon that ſent him; now at *London* they ſay this Satisfaction is Fighting; and 'tis a hard Caſe, Maſter *Obſervator*, if a Bully of the Town wants Money, and a Gentleman won't ſet his Hand to the Paper, that he muſt Fight.

*Obſ.* Well, but did the Gentleman Fight him?

*Country-m.* No, he did not.

*Obſ.* If he had Fought him, than you might have ſet the Bully down for a *Knave*, and the Gentleman for a *Fool*, who ought not to Fight the Bully till ſuch Time as he has got an Eſtate anſwerable to himſelf.

*Country-m.* No, no, he did not Fight him. But this Fellow went and Poſted the Honeſt Gentleman up in ſeveral places for a Villain and a Coward; I ſaw ſome of the Papers. Now was this Fellow a *Knave* of the Poſt, or a *Fool* of the Poſt?

*Obſ.* He was certainly both, for the Gentleman could not Fight him, there's a Statute againſt *Dueling*; beſides the great Difference betwixt the Perſons in Reſpect of Merit and Eſtate; but Prithee what was this Fellows Name?

*Country-m.* He goes by the Name of *Jeſſamy Tom*, and he is a *Bow* or a *Stratford*, 'tis ſomething beyond *White-Chappel*, I am ſure.

*Obſ.* Oh I know that Fellow, he's a perfect *Beau*, and ſerv'd ſome part of his Time to Bully *Dawſon*, and learnt of him to Huff and Hector; for ſome Time he was much in the Eſteem of the Ladies of the Town, but is now grown ſo *Idly Impertinent*, that the very *Night-Walkers* Contemn him. He kept Company for ſome time with a certain Gentlewoman that made an Elopement from her Huſband, and after her Deceaſe he Married her Daughter, who being alſo Dead, he has now Liſted ſome *Teague-landers* into his Service to Bully for a Livelihood.

*Country-m.* I think that Gentleman ought to have ſent *Jeſſamy Tom* to the Houſe of Correction; ſuch Fellows ought not to be ſuffer'd.

*Obſ.* The Gentleman has a good Action at Law againſt him; but perhaps no one Gentleman in *England* has met with more Villanous Uſage than has the Gentleman we are now ſpeaking of, in which ſome of the Clergy have their ſhare; it would make an Honeſt Mans Ears to Tingle to hear what I can ſay on this Subject; and were it not more for the ſake of Religion, than any thing elſe, I would here Print a VISION (ſome Clergymen know what I mean) which would ſhow what *Wolves* we have in *Shepherds* Cloathing, and how far the worſt of Men may, by their pretended Sanctity, miſlead good Chriſtians.

*Country-m.* Well, but Maſter *Obſervator*, if *Jeſſamy Tom* ſhould know that I told you this Story, perhaps he'll give me a Challenge, and make an Eylet Hole in my *Body-Politick?*

*Obſ.* Never fear that, thoſe Bullies ſeldom Fight; keep but your Oaken Towel in good Repair, and you need not fear them. There's a Swinging Bully at *London* that gave a Challenge to a Gentleman to meet him, the Time and Place was appointed, but the Gentleman being hot for the Combat, call'd at the Bullies Chamber in one of the *Inns-of-Court*, where he found in the Key-hole of the Door this Note.

*I am gone where Honour calls:*
*If Alive,*
*Return at Five.*

Away goes the Gentleman Poſt-haſte to the Place appointed, but when he came there, he found no Bully, who it ſeems had Lock'd himſelf into his Chamber, and put that Note in the Door. Never fear the Bullies, they'll do thee no Harm.

*Country-m.* I proteſt, Maſter *Obſervator*, I muſt Fight, I can't help it, you are ſo Abuſed in the *Strand*, by a parcel of *Perkinites*, I can forbear no longer, I muſt Towel them.

*Obſ.* What's the matter now, does Juſtice *Paunch-Belly* Rail on?

*Country-m.* Yes, yes, and ſo do a Hundred more of 'em, but this is a new Story; but ſince you have mentioned the Juſtice, I heard he has got the Art of Flogging; he one Day got him two great Rods, and then went Home and Whip'd two great Girls, one of about 20, and the other of about 16 Years of Age, and not long after he himſelf was Horſe-Whipt in the County of *H*——, by ſome Honeſt Yeomen; ſo that now they call him the *Whipper Whipp'd*.

*Obſ.* This was the beſt thing he ever did in all his Life, I heard of this before; he Whip'd the Girls for going to the Play-Houſe.

*Country-m.* Did he ſo? And if his Neighbours will follow his Example, the next Time I go to *London*, I'll carry a Load of *Birchen Rods* and give them for that purpoſe; I proteſt he's a better Man than I thought for, for this good Action I will forgive him all his Faults. The Young Jades ought to be Whipp'd for going to the Play-Houſe; *Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.* This is the way to keep them from Ruin.

*Obſ.* Well, ſo much for that; 'tis the new Story I want to hear.

*Country-m.*

*Country-m.* 'Tis no News to tell you that you are Abuſed by the *Perkinites*, but the new Faihion of it is admirable. There's a certain Pewterer in the *Strand*, that calls Juſtice *Paunch-Belly* Maſter, this Spark is a Perſon of a Wonderous Modeſt Converſation, for he has had three Wild Children.

*Obſ.* Wild Children! What are thoſe?

*Country-m.* Why don't you know that? You have forgot the Court Terms, there are two or three Hundred Wild Children at Nurſe at *Eling*.

*Obſ.* I know that is a Place Famous for Nurſing of By-Blows or Baſtards.

*Country-m.* Bleſs me! You'll ſpoil my Story and put half of it out of my Head; I don't mean Baſtards nor By-Blows, I mean Wild Children, and this Pewterer had Five of 'em, two before Marriage, and three after.

*Obſ.* Well, go on, I'll aſk you no more Wild Queſtions to Interrupt you.

*Country-m.* You muſt underſtand that this Spark is a *Pinnacle-Man*, a woundy *High-Church-Man*, but is out of Love with *Sermons* and *Common-Prayer*; and therefore inſtead of going to *Church*, he goes to the *Coffee-Houſe* on a *Sunday*, not to *Divine Service*, you may be ſure: One Lords-Day he came to a *Coffee-Houſe* in the *Strand*, where he takes up the *Obſervator*, and having the Paper in his hand, he ſaid you were a great Rogue and a Villain; an't pleaſe your Worſhip, there were ſome Folk there that ſaid you were an Honeſt Man, and began to Vindicate you, which put the *High-Flyer* into ſuch a Paſſion, that he put the Paper on the Fire, and kept it in with the Poker 'till 'twas burnt to Aſhes; I intend next Journey to go to that *Coffee-Houſe* and learn more of this Story, for I am told, the Woman that keeps the Houſe is a Good *Engliſh* Chriſtian.---But, Sir, was this Man a *Knave* or a *Fool*?

*Obſ.* Some one, or t'other; he was a *Knave*, for certain, in burning the Womans Paper, which would be a Detriment to her Trade; Perhaps he is Brother to *Jack-Ketch*, and ſo may be Excuſed in taking the *Hang-mans* Trade out of his hand; but he was a *Fool* in Railing at One that never valued the Ill Word of the greateſt *Knave* or *Fool* in *England*.——All this is but trifling Diſcourſe, haſt got nothing material for the Edification of the Publick?

*Country-m.* Yes, I have got a Sea Run-away Story, but it will pleaſe no Body that's true to Old *England*; This Story was ſent you in a Letter, I'll Read it if you pleaſe.

SIR, March the 21*ſt*, 1704.

ON *the* 21ſt *of* October *laſt, I was Priſoner on Board a* French *Privateer belonging to St.* Malo, *of* 24 *Guns, at which Time we were Chaſed by two* Engliſh *Cruizers, one of* 36 *Guns, and the other of the ſame Force, or greater; after ſome Hours Chaſe, one of them came up with us, with the Privateer, and Engaged us; they fired above* 40 *Great Guns each of them at each other, and the Privateer fired ſome Vollies of Small Shot into that Man of War, after which the Man of War Run away from the Privateer, at which Time the other Man of War was within Gun Shot of us, upon our Weather Quarter; he Handed his Small Sails, and could not come up to fire one Gun at us: The Privateer had then in Company with him a very Rich Prize he had taken the Day before, out of* Admiral Gradon's *Fleet from* New-found-Land, *and with the two Men of War let go alſo; ſo that we, inſtead of being brought into* England, *as we had then juſt Cauſe to hope for, and as indeed the Privateer expected; we were carried into* France; *he carried off his Prize, and ſaid that he valued not ſuch Ships of Two Pence, while they had ſuch Commanders Aboard. The Truth of this, I will Prove upon Demand. Yours,*

John Jeffreys.

*Obſ.* This is the Ruin of the *Engliſh* Navy, the Loſs of our Antient Honour, and if our *Repreſentatives* do not take care in this Point, we don't know in a few Years who will have the Empire of the Ocean. The *French* would never make ſuch bold attempts on our Shipping, were they not aſſured of the Cowardiſe of our Commanders. If we may blieve the Account Written by Monſieur *Pointi* of the Expedition he made to *Carthagena*; (and we have not the leaſt Reaſon to diſbelieve him, the Book being Written with ſo much Candour and Impartiality.) This one thing was the Occaſion of his eſcape into *France*; for as ſoon as they had Sight of the *Engliſh* Squadron, a Council of War was call'd, the State and Condition of their own Squadron was firſt Conſider'd; they had few Men, and moſt of thoſe Sick; their Ships were foul, by reaſon of a long Voyage; the *Engliſh* were juſt come out of Harbour, clean Ships with Healthy Men; ſo that meer neceſſity put the *French* upon Bravery; to Run-away they could not; to Fight they were not able; But depending on the Cowardice of our Commanders, they bore down on the *Engliſh* Squadron with all the Signs of Reſolution, and by this means Obtained their End.

*Country-m.* And were not thoſe *Engliſh* Captains Hang'd? Can't we change Captains a little with the *French*? We may do ſome Buſineſs then.

*Obſ.* We don't want good Commanders for our Ships, we can find them in our own Navy, among the Lieutenants and Warrant Officers; but this Buying of Pins and Golden Snuff-Boxes, Ruins the Brave, and Advances the Cowards. Can any one tell me a Reaſon why we ſhould have Gentlemen on Board our Men of War of 20 or 30 Years ſtanding, as Lieutenants, and who have Fought Bravely in the Service, when a Man muſt torture his Memory to call to Mind one Brave Action done by ſome in the Higheſt Commands? I ſhall have Occaſion to ſpeak fully on this Subject in Time, and therefore ſhall take my Leave of that at preſent, and of you alſo.

*Country-m.* Well, God Bleſs you, the poor Sailors and the Honeſt Commanders are Bound to pray for you; and ſo is the whole Nation, if they rightly conſider'd your Services.

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